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POETRY.

The Answered Prayer.

BY MISS SARAH C. EDGEMONT MAYO.

I prayed for Beauty—for the magic spell
That binds the wisest with the potent thrall;
That I within fondest human hearts might dwell,
And smile the fairest in the social hall.
I could have seen the lordliest bend the knee,
The lowliest bow, or kneel to my charms;
While he I long had vainly loved—Ah, he,
Subdued, should clasp me fondly in his arms!

But Beauty's o'er my spirit waved his wing,
Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;
And passing years but darker shadows fling
Upon the cheek where once had left its trace.
My heart, if hard in heaven, both been denied;
No prayer, how humbly 'neath my beauty's sway,
And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride,
With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for Riches, oh! oh! for lavish wealth,
To pour in golden showers on those I loved—
I would have gladly spent my youth and health,
Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved.
I prayed for Riches, that before God's shrine
I might with gifts and costly presents kneel;
And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine
Too poor to show the fervor of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not—and the liberal deeds
My heart devised, my hand must fail to do;
And though I've prostrate truth my spirit bleeds,
In vain the aid of magic gold I woo.
The poor may plead to me for daily food,
And these I love in daily want may pine;
I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood,
But other gifts than this can ne'er be mine.

I prayed for Genius—for the power to move
Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubborn wills;
To execute the holy deeds of love,
And light truth's fires upon a thousand hills.
I prayed for eloquence to plead the cause
Of human rights and God's eternal grace;
To cry aloud for Mercy's outraged laws,
And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe
No portion of the fire that burns within;
In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may breathe
In searching flames to quench human sin.
Powerless my words upon the air float by,
And words and crime disdain the weak crusade;
While vice glazes us with unrelenting eye,
And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I prayed for Power—for strength to bear
The keen privations of my humble fate;
For patient faith to struggle with despair,
And shed a brightness on my low estate.
I prayed to be content with humble deeds,
With "widows' mites" and scanty charities;
To follow meekly where my duty leads,
Through the lowliest vale of all that lies.

This prayer was answered; for a peace divine
Spread through the innermost days of all my heart;
I felt that same blessed lot was mine,
Which fell on her who chose the better part.
What though the world abroad ne'er better part
What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind?
It is a happier lot than wealth or fame,
To do my duty with a willing mind.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

BY H. R. ADDISON, ESQ.

I never recollect a warmer enthusiast than Professor Leyden. When he spoke he seemed to forget all other worldly circumstances, all other subjects, save the one engrossing topic on which he was engaged. His eye, widely dilated, saw no object save the bright imagery created by the fertile brain. His voice was impassioned. His every pulse beat high. The professor, at the time I speak of, was just two-and-thirty, and ranked himself as the very leader of Gall and Spurzheim's energetic disciples. On the subject of phrenology he was discoursing when I entered the dining-room of Baron Hartmann.

It was a fine summer evening. Strawberries and other fruits decorated the board. The well-laid table, the cellar cooled Lafitte, stood temptingly on a table, around which a dozen young men, with the worthy baron and the professor, sat.

It appeared that, in the height of his enthusiasm, Leyden had, to please the company, examined their heads, and with many wise looks pressed the bumps, which he declared to be the unerring indications of the human character and passions. Some unfortunate wight in company, had evidently shocked the examiner by a demonstration of wicked propensities, for he sternly refused on this occasion to pronounce upon the several organs, declaring he "might give offence," he "might be wrong." Indeed it might appear invidious; in short, after making several similar excuses, the professor sat down in meditative silence; nor could he again be brought to speak, save and except upon the general merits of the system, a subject on which he never failed to enlarge.

It is a curious fact that I never in my life

heard the subject of phrenology broached without a laugh being raised at its expense, which very naturally annoys the supporters of this theory, and brings on the warmest arguments. It was a discussion of this kind that probably had raised the fire which flushed the cheek of Leyden on the evening of which I speak.

The conversation had now taken a new channel. A dreadful murder had been committed in the neighborhood of the Black Forest. A young girl had eloped from her parents some weeks before. The companion of her flight was supposed to be a young man who had been staying in the neighborhood; he had disappeared about the same time. She had just been found savagely murdered, while the supposed partner of her guilt had reappeared, and declared that he had with difficulty escaped from the hands of banditti, who had, without apparent motive, seized any imprisoned him. To prove this, he showed several severe wounds which he had received in a successful struggle he had with two of the gang in his endeavor to liberate himself. This story, however, appeared so improbable, that no belief was attached to it, and the young man was hurried to prison, there to abide his trial.

This story had been repeated with painful minuteness by Carl Hoffmann, a handsome young man, who had lately arrived at Baden, whose mild and gentlemanly manners had already won for him the golden opinion of all the society assembled there. No one was more pleased with him than the old baron. It was even believed that he ranked so high in the good old man's opinion, that it was rumored he had proposed and was actually accepted by Clara Hartmann, with the full sanction of her father.

As a narrator few could excel him. His vivid descriptions lent life to his stories; and when he chose (as on the present occasion,) he could harrow up the nerve of even the most apathetic, by depicting horrors in their most glaring, most appalling colors.

One burst of indignation, as he concluded, bespoke how truly he had interested his auditors. A thousand execrations were heaped upon the head of the unhappy youth, who appeared plainly, incontrovertibly, from the details given by Carl, to be the perpetrator of the bloody deed.

"I'll go to see his execution myself. I could enjoy the death tortures of such a wretch," indignantly exclaimed the Prince of Olsabek, a young Russian, as he took a pinch of snuff, and handed to his next neighbor his splendid box, which dazzled the eye by the richness of the diamonds encircling it. "If such a wretch existed on my estates, I'd have him racked!"

"And well would he deserve it—a cold-hearted, cruel assassin," chimed in another.

"May he be punished in the world to come!" fervently ejaculated Carl.

"Nay, nay," said the old baron, "that is saying too much. It is true that man deserves an earthly punishment; but you are allowing your anger against vice, my dear boy, to carry you too far." And the old noble good-naturedly patted Carl on the arm.

The various subjects were discussed and argued; but during the whole evening Leyden spoke not a word. At last the hour for breaking up arrived; and according to etiquette the prince moved first. Ere he did so, he requested the return of his snuff box. The person to whom he had handed it declared that he had passed it to the next, who in his turn denied all knowledge of it, as did the rest of the company. Every one had seen it, every one had handled it, but none could now produce it. The room was searched, the servants had not even entered the apartment, the door had never been unlocked, none had stirred from the table. The affair began to wear a serious aspect. The old baron felt his honor was wounded, but still hoped it might prove to be an ill-timed pleasantry. Under this impression he rose.

"Gentlemen, some person amongst you has doubtless concealed the box, intending thereby to give our illustrious friend a fright, and in good faith he deserves it for thus carelessly forgetting to look after a trinket said to be worth 50,000 florins; but as he seems really uneasy about it, I must beg the person who had taken it instantly to return it and confess the joke!"

And the noble effected to laugh. None, however, responded, and the noble saw with increased uneasiness that he must take up the matter more seriously.

"My friends, you cannot feel offended when I offer myself as the first person to undergo the ordeal, an ordeal I almost blush to say we must all submit to. We must be searched! None but the guilty can be annoyed at this proposal!" Carl Hoffmann started up. "By Heaven, I'd sooner die!"

Another was of the same opinion, and objected to undergoing such an operation, which at the very least implied a doubt.

Poor Hartmann looked like a ghost. He glanced appealingly towards Leyden, who now rose. "Let the door be locked," said he, in a grave voice; "let it be well secured." This was done.

"Now, gentlemen, you must either acknowledge the correctness of the measure I adopt, or I, the disciple of a juggling science, perish!" he drew from his pocket a small pistol. "Nay, start not, my friends; against myself alone I mean to use this weapon, and that only in case

I wrongfully accuse an individual now present. You may remember before dinner that I phrenologically examined you all. There was little to say about you generally; but there was one among you in whom I could not be mistaken—one who I wished not to have named, whose presence ever since has made me shudder. I see the gentleman to whom I allude already turn pale. Nay, attempt not to smile. I am either a villain for allowing a false theory to mislead me, or you, Carl Hoffmann, are both a robber and a murderer!"

A thunderbolt would have caused less consternation. The baron started up in rage and agony. The prince believed the professor had suddenly gone mad; while the others looked with searching glances alternately at Leyden and Carl. The former had coolly resumed his chair—the latter sat pale, immovable. What could it mean?

Old Hartmann was about to speak in no gentle terms to the man who thus insulted his future son-in-law, when, raising his hand, Leyden quietly added "Search him!"

The baron, in his eagerness to defend his protégé, at once flew to do so. Immediately the snuff-box fell on the table. The worthy old man sank overcome in a chair. In the breast pocket of Carl's blouse he had found the box, which the other had unhesitatingly allowed him to draw forth.

For a few moments there was a dreadful death-like pause. The party seemed petrified, while the trembling Carl seemed to struggle with his feelings. At length, as if suddenly awaking, he started up, and incoherently pronounced—

"The hand of God is on me! I would, but cannot fly his judgment. Professor Leyden speaks the truth. I am a robber and a murderer! Under the name of Grantz I wooed and won the peasant maid of whom we spoke just now. In madness I espoused her. Tired, however, of her in a few short days—of being tied for life to one uneducated and low-born hearing that Clara Hartmann possessed unbounded wealth, and knowing that my rustic wife alone presented an obstacle to my wedding this fair heiress, I slew her—aye, cruelly slew her and caused her lover to be seized, to turn the finger of suspicion towards him. Had he not fled, to-morrow he would have been strangled; as for robbery, I can only say I long have heard a bold band, whom even now I'll not betray, 'tho' they'll laugh at me with scorn when they first hear how foolishly I fell into the hellish net that Satan laid for me, and call me fool for not having the power to resist temptation."

That cursed box was far too brilliant. Some spell lurked in it, which drew me with a force I could not stand against, and made me rush at once upon my ruin! But why thus mope? Let monks go pray, it is too late for me; let common felons suffer on the block, it is too mean a death for me. Thus I laugh at fate—I'm never unprepared! And ere a single arm could move to prevent him, he had swallowed the contents of a small phial, which afterwards proved to be prussic acid.

The unhappy wretch, who confessed himself to be the same who, under the assumed name of 'Sandy' had filled the country with terror, died in tortures too horrible to describe. The accused (not innocent) youth was liberated from goal, and in three months Clara Hartmann became the bride of the professor, whose love of phrenology had thus led to the discovery of guilt, the manifestations of innocence, and the acquisition of the prettiest girl in Germany.

EXTRANEANOUS.

MORALS IN TRADE.

No greater mistake is conceivable, than the common one of excluding the principles of high-toned morality from the calculations of business. There are thousands ready to ask, with astonishment, "What possible connection can there be between a man's moral principles and character, and his success in business matters?" Nor is this all. Not a few are in the habit of imagining that a very strict and conscientious adherence to moral principle is not only no help, but a very serious hindrance to prosperity in trade, and that a man, to get ahead in the world, must at times stretch his conscience a little, overreach his neighbor occasionally, or take advantage of his ignorance or inattention.

Now, without wishing to assume the position of lecturer on morals to mercantile readers, we must be permitted to doubt not only, but deny utterly the expediency, in a business view, merely, of disregarding any of the dictates of sound morals in the conduct of business affairs. We not only deny the necessity of overreaching, any violation of the strictest rules of integrity, or any violence to our own consciences in matters of business, but we are prepared to maintain that every kind and degree of dishonest dealing with our fellow men, is a positive and serious, and often fatal impediment to ultimate success. We believe that a large proportion of the failures of individuals and associations are owing to bad moral principles, or a deficient rule of integrity.

The late Gideon Lee, of New York, a memoir of whose life will be found in the eighth volume of the *Merchant's Magazine*—himself one of our most upright, and at the same time most successful business men—was accustomed to

predict the ultimate failure of those whose strict uprightness he had seen reason to doubt. On one occasion an individual dealing with him boasted that he had overreached him in a particular transaction. It came to the ears of Mr. Lee, who simply remarked that he regretted it for the individuals sake, for, with such principles, he could not fail ultimately to overreach himself and get into straits. The event proved the sagacity of the prediction. In a few years the individual in question, from being a man of handsome property, became a penniless dependent upon charity, and applied to Mr. Lee, among others, for assistance.

It is seldom, indeed, that the revolutions in trade which disturb the general prosperity are attributable to physical, providential influences. It is not the earthquake, the pestilence, the famine, or the failure of natural causes to work their results, that is chargeable, in most cases, with the decline of a people's prosperity, but the silent, sure operation of moral disorder and so it is with individuals. Most men fail in business, not through overwhelming physical misfortune, such as loss of health or reason or the destruction by fire or flood of their property, but generally through disregard of the simplest principles of morals. In most cases, we suspect, it would appear, were the truth known, that the ruined man has brought his affairs into hopeless condition by his grasping spirit involving him in ruinous extension and speculations, or by his overreaching disposition, which, becoming notorious, has driven off his customers; or by some other bad ingredient in his moral mixture.

The same principle operates in the case of corporations; for, notwithstanding the adage "corporations have no souls," there is a public sentiment at all times surrounding them, which holds them to rigid moral responsibility, and dooms them if they disregard it. We see fragments of broken institutions—banks, for example—floating down to infancy, simply because they had not the wisdom to fulfill honestly the purposes of their existence, and we see others rapidly tending to the same inglorious destiny, not because there is not profitable business enough for them, but because they are not held by a strong sense of moral obligation to the path of their duty, and because, like grasping individuals, they are not content with legitimate and reasonable gains. Morally corrupt in their internal administration, they not only insure their own ultimate decline, but involve in it the community they were bound to serve; for there is a prodigious force in the corrupting influence of a bankrupt bank upon mercantile morals. A bank that sets at naught its solemn promises to pay its obligations, opens the floodgates through which individual honor and responsibility are swept away. To be as good as the bank, is the climax of mercantile credit, and few men care to be regarded as better. The bank is the standard, and when that falls, those who were regarded by it fall also, and a common and promiscuous corruption reigns.

It is bad enough when physical calamity overwhelms a community, such as New York suffered from the great fires of 1835 and '45, when many millions of property were in a few hours reduced to ashes, and the monuments of industry and enterprise, which a century of toil had reared, tattered and fell in vast blackened ruins. But from such calamities we can recover. Under such afflictions we gather strength, resolution and buoyancy, and like the fabled phoenix springing from her ashes, we rise in brighter forms. The memorials of destruction are effaced, the war houses of commerce are restored, and the labors of enterprise resumed with four fold energy. Such calamities do not unmake, but make us. But when the lofty tone of mercantile honor, integrity, and stern morals is lowered—when the craft and cunning the shrewd overreaching, and the inordinate grasping of the pedler, usurp the spirit and principles of the high-minded merchant—when trade becomes a trick, and mercantile enterprise a game, in which the parties only aim to circumvent each other and sweep the gains into their own coffers—then are we ruined indeed without hope and beyond remedy.

We make these remarks because the keen encounter of competition, in this day of intense activity in all mercantile pursuits, tends constantly and powerfully to blunt the moral sense, to deteriorate the better feelings of our nature, and to superintend a narrow, selfish, grasping, immoral sentiment, than which no greater evil can befall us. But space fails us, and we must leave the subject to the readers own thoughts.

—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

A SHOWER OF COMPLIMENTS.—How fortunate I am in meeting a rain-bean in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day to her "beau of promise" who happened along with an umbrella. "And I," said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a rain-dear." These are the beau ideal of wet weather compliments.

A CRY EDITOR thus judges his delinquent subscribers:—"We don't want money desperately bad, but our creditors do; and no doubt they owe you. If you'll pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll pay you."

HEALTH.—Health is the law; disease the exception. Disease grows out of violations of the law of health. Most of these violations result from ignorance. Health should be a subject of common school education. Mothers as well as teachers should be indoctrinated in the science of physiology. If physicians would instruct the multitude more, and dose them less, it would be a great blessing to them and the people. If a little of the time and expense now lavished upon backs and stomachs, were expended in enlightening their minds as to the cause and prevention of disease—of the numerous agents in constant operation to plant in their frames the seeds of physical suffering which must, inevitably, as sure as effects follow causes, undermine their constitutions—make them at an early age, the miserable recipients of one or more of the fashionable maladies, either acute or chronic, accompanied with great physical distress, or depression of spirits, or mental imbecility, or all of them combined—making the sum total of a terrible burden, which often suggests suicide, and which nothing but death itself can grant permanent relief—we say if parents, teachers and guardians would instruct their children in a knowledge of the laws of physiology—of the principles of disease, and the means of evading its murderous grasp—it would be worth to the rising generation more than all the tea, coffee and opium—all the rum, wine, and beer—all the confectionaries, pastries and other indigestible articles of food—all the light reading theatres and balls—all the tight lacing and thin shoes, out-of-the-season gossamer dresses—in a word, all the finery and wealth which the parents can accumulate and furnish them for the next quarter of a century.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—The following anecdote of Mr. Webster is told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, as an illustration of the 'uncertainty of worldly fame,' and the folly of making it the controlling object of life:

A few years since, but before the Great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, he was on his way to the Old Homestead. He took the stage at Concord N. H., and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and he asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster?

"Surely I did," said the old man, and the Captain was a brave and good man, sir, and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark at Bennington."

"Did he leave any children?" asked Mr. Webster. Oh, yes; there was Ezekiel, and I think Daniel."

"And what has become of them?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Why, Ezekiel—and he was a powerful man sir—I have heard him plead in court often; yes sir, he was a powerful man and fell dead while pleading at Concord."

"Well," said Mr. Webster, "and what became of Daniel?"

"Daniel—Daniel," repeated the old man, thoughtfully, "why, Daniel, I believe, is a lawyer about Boston, somewhere."

A country parson, who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church on Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a dollar.

"Certainly," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin.

Domine put it in his pocket, and preached his sermon in most capital style and on coming down, handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he borrowed it.

"Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all."

"It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson; "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket."

The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together on the following day.

One of the wealthiest farmers on the Connecticut, tells the following story:—"When I first came here to settle about forty years ago, I told my wife I meant to be rich. She said she did not wish to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land. I've worked hard ever since; and have got rich; as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they all have good farms. But my wife isn't comfortable yet."

A gentleman expatiating on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility. "Is it not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of these who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred upon them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

RENDALL says that "the spelling book is a better arm of national defence than the musket." It wouldn't be a bad idea if two opposing armies were to pause in their mad career, and try less-ions of orthography with one another. It would be better to have a long spell in that way than in the way of gunpowder and—things.

TURNED JOKER.—A joke may change the most resolute will of the most ferocious tyrant. All know how despotic and ferocious was Henry VII, of England. He, having some motives for discontent with Francis I, of France, sent to him, an English Bishop, whom he wished to charge with a message full of gall and pride and menace. This prelate perceiving all the peril of his mission, sought to excuse himself.

"Fear nothing," said Henry to him, "since if the King of France should take your life, I will cut off the heads of as many Frenchmen as I can lay my hands on."

"True replied the Bishop, but among all those heads there would not be one that would fit my bust as well as the one which is there now!"

This just made Henry laugh, and ended in causing him to change his resolution. Without this, perhaps England and France would have written the history of another war.

"Is the steamer signified, sir?" asked Mrs. Partington at the telegraph station.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, who was busily engaged turning over the leaves of his day book.

"Can you tell me," continued she, "if the Queen's encroachment has taken place?"

"Some says she's encroaching all the time," said the clerk, looking pleasantly at the old lady, and evidently pleased with his own smartness.

"That isn't possible," responded the venerable dame; "but," said she to herself, "how could he be expected to know about such things? and yet there is no reason why he shouldn't, for all the bars to science, notumy and them things is let down now-a-days, and nater is shown all undressed, like a poppet show, sixpence a sight? Good morning, sir," said she, as he bowed her out—and she passed down the stairs, her mind grasping the manifold subjects of the telegraph, Queen, and facilities in science, and becoming oblivious in a fog.—Boston Post.

SELF APPRECIATION.—An Irish laborer plunged into the river and hauled out a gentleman who was accidentally drowning. The gentleman rewarded Pat with a sixpence. "Well," said the dripping miser, seeing Pat's doubtful pause, "aint you satisfied? do you think that you ought to have more?"

"Och! I answered the poor fellow, looking hard at the one rescued, 'I think I am overpaid!'"

A young English traveller contracted in Valencia a love affair with a pretty gypsy girl. The mother wished that he should marry her at once; but the Englishman declared that he was not rich enough to keep a wife. "What," said the gypsy, laughing, "not rich enough in the land of guineas? With so renowned a thief as my daughter, you will in a year be a millionaire!"

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death, by the brooding apprehensions of the sick.

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her hopeful heir, who was in a short time to be married, "you are getting thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am; and I expect that you will shortly see my ribs."

What a curious being a printer is. He stands when he sets, and sets when he stands, and when he wishes to set with ease he always stands erect. It is, however, the nature of the case which causes him to stand.

It is a popular delusion to believe that because a dandy's straps are drawn tight upon his trousers, they are going to lift him into respectable society.

Next year will be the square of 43. We have not had a square year since 1764, and another will not occur until 1936. If everything should be squared next year what a glorious time we shall have.

GENIUS.—He is not the greatest man, who with a giant intellect, can stifle the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left on the mind is not agreeable and lasting. He who would stir up the soul, must have a calm, sympathizing heart. It is this which vibrates through the human heart, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy. The man whose sympathies are moved with common humanity—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—breathes thoughts that will never die. Like the silent doves, they descend on the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart. Such a writer blends genius with humanity, and is destined to sway the multitude and urge them on to deeds of mercy and unending glory.

We saw, yesterday, a large needle which was cut out of the thigh of a little girl about three years of age, daughter of Dr. Gay, of city. The operation was performed by her father. It lay about half an inch below the surface, lengthways of the limb. It is not known when or how it came there, as the child had made no complaint until a day or two since, and there was no mark on the surface indicating where it entered. Had it been suffered to remain, it would, doubtless, from its position, have traversed the whole length of the limb before it would have reached the surface.—Bath, Trilum.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

We present the following summary of News by the Europe, intended for our last number, but unavoidably crowded out. It is of an interesting character, and will give our readers a birdseye view of matters and things in Europe. Hereafter we shall endeavor to give more full accounts.

Several cases of the cholera are reported to have occurred in London during the past week; 26 fatal cases have been reported. At Edinburgh on Sunday, there had been fourteen ascertained cases, of which seven terminated fatally. Seven cases had also occurred at New Haven.

The trial of Smith O'Brien has resulted in his conviction of high treason. His manner, bearing, calmness, composure and firmness, as he stood in front of the dock were the theme of observation throughout the court.

Mr. O'Brien said—My lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have done only that which in my opinion it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence.—(Cheers in the gallery.)

The Lord Chief Justice then proceeded, amid the most profound and painful silence, to pronounce the extreme sentence of the law upon the prisoner. He said—William Smith O'Brien, after a long, painful and laborious trial, a jury of your countrymen have found you guilty of High Treason. Their verdict was accompanied by a recommendation to the mercy of the crown.

That recommendation as was our duty, we shall send forward to the Lord Lieutenant, to whom, as you must know, exclusively belong the power to comply with his prayer.

The Judge, after a few remarks, said—"It now only remains for the court to pronounce the sentence of the law." Here his lordship assumed the black cap, and amid a silence at once solemn and painful, proceeded as follows—

"That sentence is, that you, William Smith O'Brien, be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until you are dead; that afterwards your head shall be severed from your body, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her majesty shall please, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The most profound sensation followed the conclusion of this sentence, and continued to manifest itself for several minutes afterwards.

The excitement in the streets was intense and it was not till a considerable time had elapsed that it subsided.

Several women ran to the gates shrieking and throwing up their arms in violent grief. A large body of the constabulary, with bayonets fixed, were at once marched into the square before the court house; the goal van, drawn by two horses was then admitted inside the gates and the prisoner conducted from the cell and placed in it. The vehicle was then driven to the goal, surrounded by constabulary, and the prisoner conducted to his cell.

After a pause, several persons rushed forward to the dock to take farewell of the prisoner; he shook them warmly and affectionately by the hand; he was cool and collected, and his manner was calm and manly; he left the dock with a steady smiling countenance and was conveyed to the cell or waiting room adjoining the dock.

When the intelligence reached the streets that he had been sentenced to death, crowds of persons collected about the court house, and great sensation was manifested.

DUBLIN, Oct. 11, 1848.

Smith O'Brien is to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Saturday next, at Clonmel. The Lord Lieutenant will not listen to mercy, but is determined to carry the sentence into effect to the letter.

His (Mr. O'Brien's) mother, Lady O'Brien, has flown to the Queen, but she will scarcely have time to do any good, as she only left Dublin this morning.

Notwithstanding this peremptory announcement, the statement was not generally credited. McManus had also been found guilty and sentenced to death. The trial of O'Donoghue was going on. Mr. Duffy's was to commence on the 21st.

FRANCE. The National Assembly resolved on Saturday evening, by a majority of 301, that the President of the Republic should be elected by universal suffrage. In allusion to this matter, the correspondent of the Daily News says:—

"The chief of the government and the ministry did all in their power to oppose this vote; they were left, however, in a minority 211 against 604, a defeat which must, under any other circumstances, have been followed by the immediate retirement of the government."

On Sunday the Ministerial defeat was the general theme of conversation. They have since tendered their resignation, which had not been accepted.

The candidature for the Presidency was the prevailing subject of interest. It continues to be the general opinion that Prince Louis Napoleon will be elected.

AUSTRIA. Information has been received of the outbreak of a new and terrible insurrection at Vienna on the 6th inst. The military refused to fire against the Hungarians, part of the National Guard joined in the mutiny, barricades were erected, the town was sounded, and several bombarded and sacked, the Minister of

War, Count Latour was killed, and his naked body exposed on a gibbet. In the midst of these scenes the emperor and the other members of the Imperial family left Vienna. They were escorted by 5000 cavalry.

CHOLERA. The name of this dreadful disease is of itself almost as dreadful as many disorders when actually present. When this scourge, some years ago, almost decimated Europe and the east, and crossed the Atlantic to our own shore, all other thoughts appeared to be swallowed up by this. The cholera has reached Europe from the east, and be soon expected here, if it has not already arrived; but it is a great consolation to know that it has, like all diseases, assumed with age a milder form, and that we may reasonably expect that it will be met, when here, by such preventive and curative means as will rob it of most of its virulence and terror. At least, so the foreign accounts authorize us to state. A writer from Paris remarks:—

"The public mind in England, as well as in France, is becoming very much alarmed on the near approach of that terrible scourge—the cholera. As long as the cholera was confined to the east—to Russia, or even still nearer, we read the accounts of its ravages, of the sad misery of decimated families, and it was presently forgotten. We heard that in twelve months or less it would sweep over us and fill our houses with mourning, but with man's usual hope we persuaded ourselves it would never come near us, and we moved on in our busy career—the cholera was forgotten. To-day, however, we hear that it is near our own door, and all—the poor and the rich—the statesman plotting revolution, and the cobbler patching the thrice worn brogue, stop their avocations, and essay to find some mode which will secure them from the fatal attack. The cholera is emphatically the disease of the poor. It nearly always spares those in rich circumstances, and persons who eat good and wholesome food—who live temperately—preserve a calm frame of mind, free from dread of the disease, are in general quite safe."

But the person who picks up here a bit for breakfast and there another bit for his dinner, both morsels not infrequently of more than doubtful character, stands in imminent danger. The governments of both these countries have taken and are taking every precaution to avert the pestilence as much as they can. It appears in a milder form, and is much better understood now than formerly, and medical men do not apprehend as much mischief from it as they did in 1831. Still it is yet comparatively unknown, and excites an undefined fear in the heart of all.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.—This disease, which visited the United States in 1832, has been passing over its old course as far as the city of London. This epidemic has, almost precisely, followed the same track of that, and has entered England by the same route, through Hamburg to Sunderland. By those who have been interested in the subject, it will be remembered that from England the cholera passed to Paris, and soon afterwards entered this country by the way of Canada; and this within a few months.

Absolutely nothing has yet been done here to palliate the disease, for we do not know that it can be more than palliated after its arrival.—The Massachusetts Medical Society, who are by law required to have a general supervision of the medical affairs of the State, have not so much as asked themselves the first question concerning it. In Boston we have a Board of Consulting Physicians.

What their duties are we do not know, but it would not be very presumptuous in them to give some information to the public, even if it were not called for. Perhaps they consider the lead pipe question sufficient to immortalize them.—Should we not have the cholera, it would not be amiss to make some sanitary regulations.—Should it come six months hence, though the time is short, arrangements might be made to meet it with some hope of diminishing its severity.—Commercial Advertiser.

EMIGRATION.—An Ex-Member of Parliament, some of the Irish gentry, a clergyman of the established Church, three justices of the peace, a number of wealthy farmers, and persons lately connected with commerce and trade, have formed an emigration society, and are about to embark at Dublin, on their way to Texas, where a track of land has been purchased for their use. This is considered in England the first active symptom of a general "break-up" among the wealthier classes of Ireland. We consider it the first active symptom of common sense among them. Irish stars them in the face at home, while property, wealth and civil and religious liberty invite them to America.—This plan of emigration is certainly commendable; it preserves all the ties of family and society; protects the emigrants from fraud and deception; it relieves them of those harassing doubts, fears, perplexities and anxieties incident to isolated emigration, by which so many poor foreigners are hurried to premature graves in America. It enables them to take immediate advantage of the vast resources of the new world. The Hollands, Germans and Swiss have prospered by it, and we are gratified to see the Irish beginning to adopt it.

Home's Telegraph appears to be in successful operation. Frank Smith's bull to the contrary notwithstanding. Its dispatches are printed in large Roman capitals, at the rate of two hundred characters per minute.

Both Houses of the British Parliament in answer to the numerous petitions of Temperance Societies, have passed a bill prohibiting all sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday morning and afternoon.

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VOTING THEMSELVES A FARM.—The following capital anecdote has lost none of its interest from the fact of its being old, but illustrates in a forcible light a doctrine becoming very popular in the minds of agrarians, a class of people who are not particularly noted for their modesty. We copy from the Boston Museum:—Every one knows, who has followed the course of politics for the past 20 years, the meaning of the above-quoted words. If any one does not, and will take the trouble to watch the fortunes of the political adventurers whose names are now before the people for the highest offices in a people's gift, he will have an opportunity of learning.

The perquisites of office are so notoriously large, especially at present (vide a late vote of Congress of a whole library to each member—to be packed and sent to his home at the expense of government) that "voting one's self a farm" is quite an insipid, every day sort of an affair. The way it is done is so finely shown up in the following anecdote, that we cannot forbear repeating it.

A great many years ago, (it matters not how many) when the settlers of Massachusetts had become themselves the victims of religious differences, a man of the name of Smith, who, having resolved to leave the parent settlement, and find for himself a refuge in the unexplored wilds of Rhode Island.

But the enterprise was upon the point of being abandoned, on account of a difficulty of reconciling their consciences to the comity of ejecting the rightful owners, whose hunting grounds they had thus unceremoniously intruded upon; and had it not been for the plans device we are going to relate, Rhode Island would probably be nothing but a howling wilderness.

It was recommended to purchase the land of the Indians at a fair valuation. But the treasury was low. It was motioned to take it by force. But conscience, as before, troubled the officers. At last, with a sagacity worthy of a later age, it was voted to choose a "committee," who, having considered the subject in the "light of the Bible, to which all other laws are subordinate," presented the following "resolutions," which were "unanimously adopted."

Resolved—That the Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.

Resolved—That His saints shall inherit it.

Resolved—That we are his saints.

TRADING ON CORNS. The Pennsylvania gives humorous account of a case of corn grinding, that occurred in Philadelphia a few days since. It seems that two bucks, Brown and Davis were refreshing themselves with gin clings at the bar, when Jeremiah Shipley pressed in between them and called for a threat clearer.

The call ended in a howl of anguish, for Mr. Shipley's corns at that moment received a smash uncalled for—and looking down, Mr. S. perceived the heavy pedal extremity of Mr. Brown just withdrawing from the unsightly. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Brown. "No harm done," said Mr. Shipley, who is the very soul of good humor. At the same instant his other foot, which bears a good crop of corns likewise, experienced the same kind of torture. Looking down again, he saw the foot of Mr. Davis retiring as Brown's had done before. "All accidental—I hope you'll excuse me," said Mr. Davis. "Very excusable," said Shipley, with an agonizing countenance. Here both, with their ten toes and twice the number of corns, were put to the torture simultaneously, and Shipley, on investigating the cause, found a foot of each gentleman withdrawing on each side. "It's very unlucky," said Mr. Davis. "We are troubled with St. Vitus's dance, and can't keep our feet still for two minutes." "Very singular," observed Mr. Shipley, "I have the same complaint in my arms, and every now and then they start just so—and frequently knock down gentlemen who are standing along side of me." By way of illustration, Messrs. Davis and Brown were both floured—the soles of the former being crunched against the stone, and the latter, falling among a number of porter bottles, had his good looking features much laggled with the broken glass.

The ladies of the other and a general row was the result. The parties were all produced and after a patient hearing, the Mayor left Mr. Shipley guiltless—but ordered Messrs. Brown and Davis to find a bill in \$200 dollars each, and admonished them to beware of the anger of a patient man.

In the neighborhood of Holkham, Norfolk, there is a tower called Rye tower. A pleasant answer of a shepherd's boy to Sir Richard and Stock, founded on the name of this tower, is related. Sir Richard having ordered a boy lying on the ground very attentively reading his bible, asked him "if he could tell the way to heaven?" "Yes sir," answered the boy, "you must go up that tower."

At Berlin the poor king of Prussia seeks in drunkenness relief from the troubles of the past, the present and the future. Recently, at the close of a report at which the queen and the princesses were present, he drank a bowl of punch at one draught, and then, placing the bowl upon his head, exclaimed with the purity of solism and the philosophy of Diogenes, "This is all the crown that is left to me!"

We understand that the whole grading of the Buchanan Branch Railroad, was, on Saturday, the 21st ult., contracted to be done for \$20,000. The citizens of Baltimore testified their joy at the result by being cannon, &c.

Did you tell him you told one of the landlady who had taken from top of a two-story house. "Not in the least," was the answer, "but I told him that I told him."

HOUSE'S TELEGRAPH.—The Patentes of House's Telegraph have been exhibiting their beautiful machines at the Merchant's Exchange, and the U. S. Insurance Office in this city, for a day or two past. These machines are richly deserving of the attention of the business community as well as of the scientific and curious generally. By a most ingenious mechanism, an operator at one end of the line, by playing on a finger board, like that of a piano, the keys of which represent the letters of the alphabet, can print at the opposite extremity of the wire, the same letters which he touches; the machine rolling out the message, printed in large and legible characters, ready for use without being transcribed. If by accident the operator should touch a wrong letter, the mistake is made apparent immediately. The principle of this telegraph is, as we understand entirely unlike any other; the motive-power not being electricity or magnetism this being employed only to regulate the machines, but those at opposite ends of the wire in unison, and to control the action of a certain air-spring by which the required letter on a revolving wheel is brought against the paper on which the message is printed. The machinery is set in motion by hand power, or a small steam engine. One very important advantage of this machine is, that the same operator can, by a single touch of the keys, deliver the same message at any number of places in the circuit, at the time instant, the instruments in those places having first been adjusted to each other.

A telegraphic line with these machines has been in operation for some time between New York and Philadelphia, and we understand, with perfect success. It is proposed to establish a line between New York and this city; and a subscription book for the purpose has been opened at the U. S. Insurance Office and many thousands already subscribed. The sum required to finish the line is \$50,000. The establishment of such a line, it is said, would at once reduce the expense of the telegraphing nearly or quite one-half from the present high charges on Messrs. Morse & Co's line, and the competition could not fail to be of great advantage to the press and the business community generally.—(Boston Traveller.)

GREAT TRISTING MATCH. On Friday week last, the 20th inst., came off over Union Course, Long Island, the most remarkable trotting performance on record. Mr. BRIDGES, of Brooklyn, had \$500 against \$1000 that his horse *Trist*, could trot Twenty Miles in an Hour in harness. The attendance of spectators was unusually large. Time was the favorite at 10 to 40, and very large amounts were laid out at these odds.

Trist was brought to the post in admirable condition by his trainer, Mr. BARTINE, who drove him in an ordinary trotting sulky, the weight of which was 150 lbs. Bartine's weight was over 145 lbs. He "warmed" his horse up by leading him fully two miles before coming to the stand for the work. At length he came to the score, and the word "go" was given, but in so loud a tone as to cause the horse to break his caught, however, in a moment, and never made another break during the whole performance. It was some time before Bartine could keep him back, he felt in such fine spirits. Bartine drove him in a masterly style, and the horse trotted with the steadiness of a machine. In trotting the 7th and 10th miles the horse fell off a few seconds, and many thought he was beginning to tire, but as he passed us in the Judges' Stand we remarked that he was going with perfect ease with his ears playing. On the 6th mile the odds had declined a little on "Time." On the 10th the betting was about even, but on the 14th mile 50 to 40 was offered on the horse. On commencing the 20th mile, Bartine made better play; on the last half mile he let his horse out, and he came in like a trump, apparently as fresh as when he started, trotting this twentieth mile in 2:51 1/2—the fastest mile during the match! The whole time of the twenty miles was *Twelve Minutes, Forty-five and a half seconds*, consequently the loss was by Ten to four and a half seconds.—Spirit of Times.

FORGING AND SWINDLING IN LOWELL.—A case of wholesale swindling and forging, we understand, has just come to light in this city. The operator is well known as an old resident, and long respected as a pious, moral good and useful citizen. It seems, however, that his integrity was not sound; and he has disappeared, after swindling, forging and borrowing to a very large amount. The sums already known, reach the aggregate of ten or fifteen thousands in this city and may exceed that. Rumor also names some twenty thousands, as being in the hands of the banks and shavers in Boston. Lowell Courier.

The name of the absconded forger and speculator is Levi B. Farr; the losses of his victims are \$50,000.

WOODEN GUNPOWDER.—From sundry recent experiments, the fact is established that fine sand, or rapped wood, steeped in a mixture of concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids, and afterwards washed and dried, will explode, similar to common gunpowder, and is highly managable with much greater force. The greatest wonder about it is, that the fact had not been discovered earlier.

In the water procession in Boston, the printers and market men were in the same division. The market men were all robust, heavily looking men, while the poor printers looked like their shades. The difference was, one catered for the body, the other for the mind.

The legislature of Vermont, now in session, have granted the right of way, with the requisite facilities, through the northeastern part of that State, to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company. This is what might be expected from the Green Mountain State.

WINTER LAKES FISHING.—The fisheries of the great Western Lake, we find on looking over the report of the House of Representatives on Harbor and River Improvements, are much more extensive than we were aware of—and more so, we think, than is generally understood. The quantity caught, packed, and sent to market in 1847, was 27,745 barrels, valued at \$187,500, averaging \$5 per barrel. The fish is chiefly the white fish, the staple fish of the Lakes. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," devotes a page or two to them, and states that the white fish of the Upper Lakes is equal in flavor and richness to the St. John salmon.

Hon. Harrison Gray Olinch died in Boston on Saturday last, aged 84. Mr. Olinch was a member of the old Federal party, a prominent leader of the Hartford Convention movement, and an active supporter of Gen. Taylor's election, which he lately endeavored to promote by means of a long lecture in the Boston Atlas.

BAD COFFEE.—Mrs. Coffee, in Philadelphia, was fined fifty cents and costs for thrashing Mrs. Hoffman.

Riches and poverty depend on our desires rather than our pocket-books. He that gets ten thousand a year, and spends fifteen is considered rich, and yet he is not half so much so as the poor devil who works for a dollar a day, and spends six shillings.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, NOV. 7, 1848.

NATIONAL ELECTION.

This is one of the greatest days ever witnessed by the people of the United States, a day important to every American citizen. The freedom of thirty States all on the same day having the privilege of exercising the right of suffrage,—more than five millions of voters exercising their right in the choice of the Chief Magistrate of a free and independent people.—Such an instance was never before known in the world; and we can but hope the events of this day will prove propitious to the cause of oppressed humanity, of political morality, and of equal rights; and that the principles of democracy will be triumphantly sustained, and a lasting good be realized by all chances as the result of this election. We can but hope that a majority of these free and independent voters, convinced of the necessity of protecting themselves against further aggressions upon their equal rights, deeply impressed with the importance of preserving the blessings of freedom, purchased with the price of blood, and of transmitting those blessings unimpaired to the latest posterity, will go up to the polls on this glad day, not as "David went up to the ascent of mount Olivet and wept as he went up," but with glad hearts, joyous countenances, and a fixed purpose to go up as becomes demo rats, haters of every species of tyranny over the minds and bodies of their fellow-men, and vote for liberty, democracy, and the Union. We trust that they will all do this, and thus favor a scheme of political ethics in accordance with the purposes of nature and the true dignity of man. We felt a great interest in the present contest, because it has been a contest of principles against no principles—the democratic party apply denominated the party of principle, seeking to sustain the natural rights of property and business, and all common rights and equality, against the unequal constitution of special interests, struggling for privilege and perpetuity. This has always been the democratic warfare from the foundation of our institutions. The democrats contend for the freedom of speech and the press, and especially the freedom of the elective franchise.—They contend for the accountability of all public officers to their creators, the people—for frequent elections, and for short periods. But the federalists have ever opposed the freedom of speech and the press—they have ever opposed the freedom and frequency of elections, and declared that "free suffrage is a curse to every people." We acknowledge that we have felt exceedingly solicitous as to the result of this election, not that we feared that democracy would not finally triumph, but because we are unwilling that the people should suffer even for a limited time, under the rule of men who "control for profit and distress as the only means by which they can ride into power," and that "the single end and aim of the wild party should be to preserve that power." We dare not trust the party whose leaders contend for every measure calculated to harass, perplex, disorganize, and ruin the country, and at the same time assert that "it is a fundamental mistake, that the people may be governed, or will govern themselves by reason."

May the people at this great National Election on the same day, give the tie to this assertion, and show their wisdom by the election of Cass and Fremont.

WHAT WE HAVE NEVER KNOWN.—We never knew an individual who had made an unconditional statement "purpose," that would acknowledge that he had any reason "to speak differently."

We never knew an advocate of a *faction* that did not talk loudly about *cliques*, "all round reasoning and logical argument," "don't talk, Master and the evasion of argument," and boast of their "independence."

We never knew it to make any difference what course they advocated; though they would not "shrink to neutrality," neutrality would stick to them—they could never evade feelings of envy or jealousy, nor create a quarrel with their neighbor.

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BAD COFFEE.—Mrs. Coffee, in Philadelphia, was fined fifty cents and costs for thrashing Mrs. Hoffman.

DEDICATION OF NORWAY INSTITUTE.—We learn from the Advertiser that the dedication of this Seminary of learning, which took place on 24th ult., passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. The address, by Rev. Mr. Prince, of New Gloucester, we have heard spoken of in the most commendable terms.

In the evening a picnic was held in the hall of the Institute, to which we received a very polite invitation to attend, but it being publication day we, from necessity, denied ourselves the pleasure. There was a large gathering of gentlemen and ladies, and the evening passed imperceptibly off amid the flow of wit, hilarity, and social converse, neat and pertinent speeches and toasts, enlivened by strains of music.

It was our purpose to have noticed the above dedication last week, but a press of political matter prevented us.

We most respectfully acknowledge the reception of a beautiful donation from the fair Ladies of our native town on this occasion, accompanied by the following Card. May the fair donors find husbands to their minds, ere the close of Leap year, and enjoy a continual honey-moon during their wedded life. As for ourselves, we are sorely tempted.

FROM THE LADIES OF NORWAY TO THE PARIS PRESS.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me, as the happy instrument of the Ladies of Norway, to express their regrets at your unavoidable absence from the Picnic on the evening of the twenty-fourth, and to request your acceptance of the accompanying package, selected from their table.

The Press of Norway, both under its former, and present administration, received a flattering share of attention; and the Ladies are desirous that the brother Typo of Paris, a native of their own town, should receive a substantial token of notice on the happy occasion of the Dedication of their Academy.

A "slice" of "that loaf," I am told, is enclosed with the rest, and your wisest powers of discrimination are to be used in selecting it from among them, by the *peculiar flavor* of some of the ingredients composing it.

The flowers, interwoven with Arbutus, and Everlasting, you will at once perceive, were culled by a fair hand, and the two glittering hearts, selected from the adornments of the "Free Soil Cake," were presented by two of your Free Soil friends, the Senior Editor of the Advertiser, and another gentleman well known through Oxford County as the advocate of Liberty, with the philanthropic wish that your heart may shine even more brightly than these frail emblems, with the great principles of Freedom.

Permit me, in closing, to wish, that your heart may be as light, and your dreams as sweet, as those of a bachelor upon the verge of Leap year, can possibly be, and believe me, sincerely, Your Friend,

CURE FOR HICCUPS.—Travelling, some time since, by railroad from Columbus to Baltimore, I took my seat immediately in front of a gentleman who was suffering under a paroxysm of hiccup, to a degree that I had never before witnessed. In a few minutes a person appeared from the other end of the car, and took a seat beside him, when he said, "Sir, can you tell me what is good for the hiccups?" I have been afflicted in the way you see me since yesterday since noon, and have had no rest, or relief from a physician to whom I applied for assistance; I am worn out with suffering."

To whom the person replied, "Sir, I will cure you in less than two minutes by your watch.—Have confidence, for I am sure that I can do it. Hold up, high above your head, two fingers of your hand, lean back in your seat, opening your mouth and your throat, so as to give a free passage to your lungs; in the very long and soft, and look very steadily at your finger." In less than the time specified the cure was performed, one hiccup only occurring during the trial. The patient could not express his gratitude, while the practitioner only exhaled from him, as a fee, the promise that he would extend the knowledge which he had imparted, as freely as he had received it, assuring him he would never be disappointed in the result.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—British steamers, *Father* arrived from New Orleans 20th Oct from Vera Cruz 10 and news from the city of Mexico to the 14th. A revolutionary outbreak under Tormel and Almonte was thwarted on the 9th by the government calling out the guard and placing cannon on the plaza. Augustin Iturbide, Manuel Paredonero and many other officers have been thrown into prison. The object of the conspirators was to bring back Santa Anna. Two of his private secretaries are now in Mexico, having proceeded thither on the last voyage of the *Forth*. Bustamante is to command the troops which are to attempt to stay the threatened disembarkment. A new tariff has been reported in the chamber of deputies. The chamber, acting in their capacity as grand jury, have thrown out charges preferred against Gen. Arista, the secretary of war, by a large number of officers. "The government is pursuing a course of severity towards the press. Senor Ortega, the minister of relations, directs the prosecutions. Senor Argueta, formerly the Mexican consul at New Orleans, has been appointed secretary of the Mexican legation at Washington. The Mexican government has sent a secret expedition to Tabasco, under command of the brave D. Thomas Marin, to attempt to wrest power from the Miguel Bruno. Marin is appointed commander general of Tabasco, and an active supporter of Gen. Taylor's election, which he lately endeavored to promote by means of a long lecture in the Boston Atlas.

VERMONT.—A bill exempting homesteads, not exceeding \$300 in value, from attachment, was ordered to a third reading in the Vermont House on Friday, by a vote of 193 to 61.

